

£6. 50

# ON CREATION,

A POEM,

Betwixt POETRY and PROSE.

BY JOHN STORY.

*The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have  
pleasure therein, Psalm cxi. 2.*

*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, Genesis i. 1.*

*By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the hosts  
of them by the breath of his mouth, Psalm xxx. 3, 6.*



ANNO MDCCXCII.

Courteous Reader,

If the poem, when perused, meets with general approbation, it will give the author a secret satisfaction; because he may reasonably conclude, that allowance is made for the many disadvantages he laboured under as a man of no literature, therefore it may want those flourishes and beauties which are necessary to please the taste and improve the mind; yet, if this small performance should rise above the expectation of the peruser it may answer the same end, and perhaps a greater, as it may be a means to open their eyes, to let them see that God is the author and dispenser of gifts, both to the wise and foolish, the weak and the strong. I have thrown my mite into the treasury, may God give a lasting blessing to it! and to him shall be all the glory, and I conclude your well wisher,

J. STORY.



## CREATION,

### *A POEM.*

Come, great Jehovah, and my muse inspire  
To sing the wonder of creative power!  
Assist me to draw from that sacred spring,  
That ever flows from thee, but ne'er exhausts,  
Thou fulness art, and fount of every gift,  
Always bestowing but art never less;  
Just in thy distributions, and art free;  
None can withhold where thou art pleas'd to give.

Dispel

Dispel my gloominess and me illumine  
 With thy bright beams, and let me ever see,  
 Digest, and mark the wonders thou'st display'd,  
 When to existence thou Creation spoke.  
 Further my spirit please now to dilate  
 And give it scope that it may freely range  
 Through trackless æther, and through endless space;  
 Where it's supposed vācuity doth reign.  
 Vain supposition! false philosophy!  
 Ye deities! (that's only titular)  
 Whose aid the poets often do invoke  
 To let them soar unto Parnassus' hill,  
 To find refreshment, have a rich repast  
 On dainties ye so freely do bestow,  
 And when they're thirsty to the foot descend,  
 Where they oft' quaff or sup the crystal stream

Which



Which doth enliven and invigorate  
 Their spirits, till it makes them soar aloft  
 Like Pindar's verse, for weighty and sublime,  
 Whose tow'ring fancy hath the most surpass'd;  
 None durst him rival, but him imitate:  
 As he 'd drank deep of the Castalian flood  
 And richly feasted on ambrosial fruit,  
 Which fictiously is stil'd the food of gods.  
 But ye brats and mere fancies of the brain;  
 Ye idols, false! whom poets often court,  
 Avaunt, and be expelled from my sight!  
 But come, thou parraclete, and now diffuse  
 Thy gifts divine throughout my soul, and then  
 I shall be equal to the arduous task,  
 And humbly will Creation's song begin.

---

Thou

Thou self-existent Being, that was bless'd,  
 And ever happy ! art completely so  
 In all thy attributes, without controul ;  
 Did'st reign from everlasting without date,  
 Eternally before time roll'd, or had  
 Begun her circuit in a measur'd space  
 Perform'd her ample round, or seraphs had  
 Receiv'd their being or in embrio was,  
 Except 't was in thy all creating mind  
 When out of nothing thou these creatures form'd,  
 Most intellectual and intelligent !  
 More like thyself than all thine other works ;  
 Superior in their order and degree,  
 Made spirit'al, aërial, and light,  
 And from corporeal substance was remote ;  
 But on some errands vehicles hath assum'd,

And

And are of large conceptions so possess'd,  
 That they can think, distribute, or convey,  
 By intuition quite, without the help  
 Of speech organical, by mental signs  
 Can be familiar, perfectly join  
 In mutual help and constant harmony,  
 Each other's happiness for to increase  
 Without a jar, as love the spring that moves  
 Them actuates and urges forward still  
 To more attainments in their perfect state,  
 Is far from envy, tho' another shine  
 In lustre great, more glorious than themselves,  
 As all is free, full, happy, and content,  
 Are like a well tun'd instrument, whose strings  
 Are of a different size, and yet they do  
 In a connection harmonize the whole;

So

So doth the angel choir that are around  
 The throne of God, to celebrate the praise  
 Of him who is, and was, and art to come,  
 In highest strains of joy and thankfulness,  
 Fall prostrate at his feet, and with their wings  
 Do veil their faces as they him adore,  
 In ecstasies that's ever new, as he  
 That first inspir'd their songs still keeps the flame  
 Perpetually to burn, and will endure  
 Till time do cease eternally to reign.

---

Thus the Almighty the angelic race  
 Brought forth, and a bright numerous train appear'd,  
 Whose dazzling lustre shone as they defus'd  
 Their creature's light around the throne of God.

With



With wing expanded right, each seraph stood,  
 Ready his high command to execute;  
 Tho' prior was to all his other works,  
 Yet bow'd, as sung, and own'd him their first cause.  
 To these celestial sons show'd his intent  
 Another world from nothing to create;  
 Struck with astonishment, a while they paus'd;  
 Deep silence had impos'd on ev'ry string;  
 No wonted voice was heard, but all stood mute  
 A space, till Gabriel spoke, and thus began:  
 ' Brethren, of other creatures higher born,  
 Yet infinite beneath him that hath stoop'd  
 So low as to give us intelligence;  
 What is his great design and to what end  
 He purposes his glory to display!  
 His speech thus ended; lo! the listening train,

B

Began

Began to sing in loud and joyful strains,  
 "Glory unto the highest now be given;  
 On earth, good will; and, unto future men;"—  
 Tho' on apostate foes he hath pour'd forth  
 His dire revenge, to make the rebels feel  
 His mighty arm, that forcibly hath driven  
 The self-mov'd sinners far beneath his throne.  
 Tho' once appeared bright, yet darkness, and  
 Dread punishment, and burning wrath them seiz'd,  
 That durably will last; but we're confirm'd  
 In this our happy state; for this his will,  
 The vacancy to fill, and to bring in  
 A future race, when by obedience try'd.  
 Thus, in a chorus, sang the hierarchies:  
 Mean while, the eternal Son of God appear'd,  
 On his great errant bent, was closely girt

With

With his Omnipotence. Had on his head  
A crown, shone brighter than ten thousand stars.  
As the celestial gate then opened wide,  
At his command, let in the mighty King,  
Down he descended, as had in his hand  
The golden compasses; stretched them out,  
And with them circumscrib'd the universe;  
Hung it on nothing; balanc'd in the air.  
But the Almighty, great Omnipotent!  
Had his plan yet in part to execute,  
As nature still appear'd a shapeless thing;  
No order had, but in confusion was;  
Huddled in chaos; in gross darkness wrap'd;  
Until his spirit brooded o'er the deep  
Still hovering o'er with his incubant wing,  
Till he brought forth by his omnific word,

The

The light, which immediately parted  
 From darkness, first to open the dawn then spread  
 Her wing, and brought the dappled orient morn,  
 And sprung into the utmost eastern clime.  
 Then with elastic force hasted unto  
 The convex of the north and south, until  
 She 'd quite surrounded the terraqueous globe.  
 So light the solemn darkness aggrandiz'd,  
 And darkness cast a lustre on the light;  
 By its emission to the eye, would make  
 Objects more grand and beautiful appear,  
 And was emphatically call'd Day,  
 As it was sever'd from chaotic night,  
 By him that calculation first began,  
 And call'd the eve and morning day the first.

---

Then



Then the Almighty spoke the second time,  
 And said, " Let there be now a firmament !"  
 She obey'd ; and her ethereal curtains spread  
 Unto the utmost convex of the earth,  
 And form'd an ample canopy, that shone  
 With blue transparency ; was firm as brass ;  
 Large in its circumference, to contain  
 The congregated waters which was of  
 Measure so great and of exceeding weight.—  
 He that it built, its pillars doth support,  
 Else with its ponderous drops it soon wou'd rend  
 Or crush to atoms this inferior ball,  
 And make it all again a watery tomb.  
 Had he not made the barrier strong, that it  
 The distant fluid realms to separate,  
 Was pleas'd to call the upper region Heaven,

And

And call'd glád eve and morn the second day.

---

The earth he 'd form'd, but yet was immature,  
 Nor still in her soft bosom had receiv'd  
 The seed in embryo, but impregnant was;  
 Save only, what the waters had infus'd  
 Of nitrous saline spirit into her:  
 As they prevail'd, nor idle was, God said  
 "Let earth be dry;" immediately appear'd  
 The mountains huge, their peaky tops upheav'd  
 As they 'd salute the ethereal blue expanse.  
 The rest had sunk to many vallies deep,  
 Refresh'd by humid moist or purling rills,  
 To fertilize the glebe. Mean while, the rest  
 With a precipitance rush'd on their way,  
 In curling wave; and wave then push'd on wave,  
 Urg'd

Urg'd by the great command that had prepar'd  
 For them a bed, scoop'd out, capacious, broad,  
 And long, and sunk a thousand fathoms deep.  
 So in a horrid wild uproar they haste,  
 O'er many a rock and steep do force their way,  
 Till like a ridge or brazen wall they stood.  
 Others, soft ebbing, stole beneath the ground,  
 In serpent maze, thro' various minerals,  
 The springs to constitute and them supply,  
 Which form the brooks, whose streams go murm'ring  
 Restless, they pass along, until they have [ on.  
 Themselves unbosom'd into larger streams;  
 Until those streams into a river rise,  
 And so keeps feeding as it glides along,  
 In paths meandering, until it arrive  
 At the great fount where first its stream began;

So

So call'd the congregated waters seas.  
 And God saw these was good, and farther said,  
 " Now let the earth bring forth her verdant store,  
 Herb yielding seed, whose seed is in its self  
 After its kind ; and fruit, that fruit will yield  
 Now of it self, after its kind the naked  
 Earth for to adorn," for until now  
 The deserts and the trees unsightly were,  
 Till ev'ry green appear'd and ev'ry fruit  
 Had universal nature richly clad.  
 There crept the weakly vine, whose clustering grapes,  
 When press'd, the liquid crimson juice will yield.  
 Upstarts the sturdy oak and feeble reed ;  
 Uprear'd the lofty pine ; there crept the shrub ;  
 And rose, sweet smelling, on the frizl'd thorn ;  
 With buds and blossoms, now each rising tree  
 Was



Was cover'd thick; all nature smil'd, look'd gay;  
 The rest with copious fruits their boughs did bend;  
 Woods, hills, and vallies, and each fountain side  
 Were crown'd with plenty; and the earth was now  
 A paradise, a fit receptacle  
 For creatures rational; a haunt, where love  
 In sacred pleasure here may revel, and  
 May sit beneath a shade in safe retreat:  
 For peace, without annoy, doth reign. Nor had  
 He yet sent rain upon the earth, nor still  
 No man was found to till the ground; but  
 From the earth a mist arose, that watered  
 At once each rising plant; and green herb on the  
 Stem he'd caus'd to grow; and so pronounc'd  
 The evening and the morning day, the third.

Again he spoke, and said, "let there be light  
 Set in the firmament, and let them be  
 For certain signs and seasons, to divide  
 The lightsome day from night, and circling years;  
 To rule alternately, as I ordain  
 The greater light to rule the Lord of day;  
 The lesser, I ordain the queen of night."  
 He likewise made the stars, and call'd them good.  
 Of all celestial bodies, for the sun  
 The great artificer began to form  
 A mighty orb, capacious was and round,  
 Its wheels was so exactly pois'd, that they  
 Might swiftly turn their circuit to revolve;  
 Yet this remain'd a dusky sphere, tho' it  
 Was of ethereal mould, till lighted was  
 A fire of essence pure; a mighty ball!

The

The moon he 'd form'd, not an elliptic, but  
 Globose unlightsome was, till his bright face  
 Fill'd her dark orb with pure created light.  
 The stars remained dark; tho' each upon  
 Its proper orb was fix'd, yet not made close,  
 But porous was, and sucked in the stream  
 Firm to retain the beams of Sol, who reigns  
 In his high palace; thither Luna turns  
 Her dusky shrine, and freely doth transfuse  
 Her borrow'd paler lustre round the ball;  
 As countless planets thither do repair  
 As to their fount, to fill their golden urns.  
 Then they bespangled round the blue expanse,  
 With a reflecting light and twinkling blaze,  
 Ambitious seem'd which cou'd the rest outshine;  
 But Venus' beams in magnitude was first.

So

So she upon her orbit quickly turn'd,  
 And thro' the trackless æther travers'd far,  
 Thro' many a clime her far fetch'd longitude  
 At length she compass'd, and Pleiades sweet,  
 Swift as the morning rays in jocund dance  
 They turn'd, direct or oblique, till arriv'd  
 Near his bright palace, and the morning star  
 Stood as intent his harbinger to be.  
 Then he threw back the curtains of first morn  
 And splendidly arose, began his race,  
 Revolv'd on his great axle, till his beams  
 Sunk far beneath the western main; then Eve  
 Stretch'd o'er her potent hand, as Venus then,  
 Glittering, emitted her officious light.  
 The moon full orb'd immediately arose,  
 Shone o'er the hemisphere, set opposite



In ev'ry aspect, to her source, as thousand and  
 Ten thousands their influence shed.  
 The firmament bespangled, rose and set,  
 Record the eve and morn the fourth day.

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Again the Almighty spoke, and farther said,  
 " I have a copious cavity scoop'd out,  
 Immeasurably deep, profoundly so,  
 Stor'd with provision that will suit each one's  
 Taste, smell, and sight, of fenny tribes ;" and said,  
 " Let the great ocean now replenish'd be ;  
 Bring forth abundance in the waters breathe ;  
 And fowls, fly in the open firmament."  
 Upstarts an offspring from spawn numerous;  
 Which the prolific waters had conceiv'd ;  
 Different their size, but largest was the whale,

Close

Close wrapt in scaly fins, like solid brass,  
 Proof was against the spear and subtilest air;  
 If he but neez'd the briny deep arose  
 In spouts spontaneous, as it wou'd salute  
 The crystal element; or, if he glanc'd  
 'T was like the sight of orient morn, or as  
 The livid lightning that had sudden struck  
 The eye with dimness thro' the flush of light;  
 Or, when he slept or spread his oars, who dar'd  
 Presume to fix a bridle on his jaws?  
 As there proceeded from his mouth a flame,  
 Fierce as from Etna; he then belch'd it out.  
 There sported the large and now greedy shark,  
 The obsequious dolphin, and the scaly horse;  
 The luscious sturgeon, and mackerel fine;  
 As shoals innumerable, each creek then fill'd  
 Seas,

Seas, rivers, bays, and each purling rills,  
 In which the tribes did swim in quest of food,  
 Or sportive in spontaneous vigor leap'd  
 Above the surface of the foaming surge;  
 Or on the green waves show'd their glittering coats.  
 As others near the beach then slowly mov'd,  
 As half alive their nourishment then sought  
 In the sea bosom, or beneath the rock,  
 Ev'n as the fens and shores all pregnant were;  
 And ev'ry lofty hill, valley, and grove  
 Brought forth a very numerous brood; when they  
 Appear'd in full proportion, and was then  
 Richly plum'd, and quickly soar'd aloft,  
 The eagle and the stork, as fully bent  
 To reach the sun; the swallow and the crane,  
 By instinct taught, exact the seasons knew,

While

While others did in flocks and figures cross  
The briny deep, or o'er the woodland shade,  
Or on the craggy rocks their eyries build,  
And fed their callow young, as others were  
Perch'd on the trembling spray with swelling notes  
And cheerful song, drunk in the liquid air,  
It modulated into melody,  
Till evening drew her curtains, not till then  
The nightingale in ceaseless lays breath'd out  
Her soft and most inimitable strains;  
Until the dawn appear'd, and Phœbus rose,  
And the proud swan on crystal lakes then bath'd  
His downy breast, had a fine arched neck  
Rear'd on his mantling wings, and plied his oars  
As he so smoothly swam across the stream,  
Or quits the dank on pinions swiftly soar'd

Towards



Towards the ærial blue, while on the ground  
 There stoutly walk'd, richly adorn'd with plumes,  
 The peacock in his various colour'd moons,  
 Proudly them spread unto the sun; until  
 He glanced down at his toadwebbed feet,  
 And down they fell, another warning gave  
 In silent night, or at the dawn's approach;  
 As did the cock with his clarion voice.  
 So he the sea with fish replenished;  
 The air with ev'ry winged fowl; and, then,  
 Call'd the eve and morning day the fifth.

---

When Phœbus had three times both rose and set,  
 The Almighty then his last day's work began,  
 And said, " Now let the earth cattle bring forth  
 After their kind;" she quickly then obey'd,

D

Open'd

Open'd her fertile womb, and teemed forth  
 Innumerable herds, of a perfect growth,  
 But of a very different size and form;  
 Large beasts of ev'ry sort, and had prepar'd  
 Food for them that each appetite wou'd suit.  
 Large had the earth produc'd, where they might range  
 And pasture in the forests or the woods  
 Without controul, as none yet savage was,  
 In numerous herds or solitary might walk  
 Uncoupled, as none had antipathy  
 But was unanimous. Then first appear'd  
 The lion, in proportion, stalk'd along  
 In princely state, and shak'd his shagged mane  
 And talons long. Then instantly came up  
 The tyger, as if he a mongrel was,  
 So fierce he seem'd, but was not so; but then

The

The leopard and the panther 'ppear'd in sight,  
 Wild in their aspect, as the fallow deer,  
 Swift bounded on the ground with branched head  
 And crooked horns; but scarce was gone before  
 Behemoth of earth, greatest born, upheav'd  
 Like a huge mountain, as the busy mole  
 Springing from under ground, threw up erect  
 The mould, a hillock form'd, just as the numerous  
 Flocks came bleating in their fleecy coats.  
 Then came the amphibious crocodile,  
 The grinning otter, and the beaver wise,  
 And ev'ry thing that crept upon the ground;  
 As horned snail, and the more feeble worm,  
 Folding itself. The smallest insects are  
 Form'd in their features and their limbs exact,  
 In summer season, when bright Phœbus doth

Dart

Dart forth her sultry beams, on ponds and lakes,  
Or swarming thick do flutter on the gale  
In their rich liveries clad, of various hues;  
As purple, azure, blue, and fringed gold.  
While others crept in their dimensions long,  
Winding themselves, and are more corpulent,  
As countless numbers that escape the eye,  
Minims of nature. But the little ant  
Is most industrious, wise, and provident;  
Unto the sluggard and the spendthrift is  
A just reproach: join the laborious bee,  
Which builds her waxen house, then mounts the gale,  
With wings extended, and hums as she drains  
Delicious honey from each baleful flower,  
And comes home laden with the liquid juice,  
And feeds her husband drone. As the serpent,

Subtilest



Subtilest of beasts, comes crawling on the ground,  
 Lifts up her crested head and brazen eyes,  
 As under her tongue no poisonous matter 's hid.  
 Thus far we have observ'd, must leave behind  
 The rest, as they so far surpass our thoughts.  
 So the Almighty now his work survey'd  
 With pleasure, and pronounc'd them good. But yet  
 Another creature wanted to compleat  
 The whole of his great works ; not one brutal,  
 But one endued with reason, sense, and love ;  
 Erect in his position, none else so,  
 To view the luminaries as they shone  
 With glittering lustre in the pavement blue ;  
 And every fish, fowl, insect, and each beast  
 That rang'd the forest, or swam in the flood ;  
 Or, with the outspread wing did part the air

As

As others flutter'd on the gale, as did  
 The rest creep on earth's surface, or live in  
 Its bowels; on these all to contemplate,  
 Adore the great Creator that hath shown  
 His wisdom infinite, in forming such  
 A noble system, and it furnished with  
 A vast variety, and useful all to  
 Man he is just going to create,  
 So in concert with his eternal Son,  
 He mildly spoke unto him, and thus said:

---

"Let us make man in our own image, and  
 In our own likeness and similitude;  
 And let them have dominion, and be Lord  
 To rule o'er ev'ry creature that doth breathe  
 In sea or river, or on earth's domain."

So

So God created man a living soul ;  
 His body form'd, not of celestial mould,  
 But of the dust, and breath into his nostrils  
 Infus'd ; was made the head ; call'd him the male ;  
 The other female, his consort to be ;  
 Form of like form, and soul like soul, and said,  
 " Be fruitful, and now multiply thy seed,  
 And let thy offspring spread throughout the earth ;  
 Subdue it, and all to thee homage pay,  
 Not as Supreme, but as subordinate ;  
 As thou hast from me receiv'd this power,  
 To be distinct from all the rest ; as thou  
 Only art rational, can think and speak,  
 Judge and determine ; prudently can act ;  
 And art so delicate in taste and smell !  
 So I have brought thee to this garden, stor'd

With

With all delicious fruits and flowers gay ;  
 Full of nectareous juices, ready stand  
 To court thy appetite, are fully ripe ;  
 When pluck'd and eat, will satisfaction yield ;  
 For, on the fragrant bush, the rose is blown,  
 As others do in borders stand to tempt  
 The eye and smell. Here reigns variety !  
 But in the midst there stands a tree, forbid  
 I do its fruit to touch or taste, tho' it  
 Be call'd the Tree of Knowledge, only will  
 Bring knowledge of the evil, not the good ;  
 If once 't is eat, 't will bring a threefold death  
 On thee and all thy future progeny.  
 Beware ! stand fast ! lest thou should be surpris'd :  
 Check now thy appetite, lest it should bring  
 Forth sin with all its cursed dreadful train."

So



So the Almighty finish'd, and beheld  
 His works with approbation and delight;  
 But when man view'd, he call'd them very good,  
 And stil'd the eve and morning the sixth day.

---

Now finish'd was the great Creator's plan,  
 Tho' he unwearied from his work desist,  
 And on the wings of Omnipotence he rose,  
 Till he reach'd unto his imperial seat,  
 And there was thron'd above the Heaven of Heavens;  
 There with a glance intuitive he view'd  
 His new creation, and it pleas'd him well,  
 As it answer'd his plan and great idea,  
 And, smiling, was attended by a train  
 Of seraphs that loud acclamations rais'd  
 In hymns of praise. Symphoneous was the song,

E

As

As struck their golden lyres, and ready was  
 To touch the trembling string, as doing so  
 At once ten thousand tuneful harps was play'd,  
 Which made the heavenly arches to resound,  
 While all the moving planets stood amaz'd,  
 As from their mighty orbs glory display'd  
 Quite thro' the whole of this new system; till,  
 At length, bright Venus and great Jupiter,  
 Attendants of great Sol and Luna, danc'd:  
 Mean while, the pompous train in triumph rose  
 Sounding the Jubilee, till they arrive  
 Near to the entrance of the gate; then sang,  
 "Be ope'd ye everlasting doors and let  
 The King of Glory enter in, as from  
 Creation's work return'd." Immediately  
 They flew ope as on their golden hinges turn'd;

Then

Then he pass'd thro', and all his retinue,  
On crystal pavement and thro' streets of gold,  
And reascended to his dazzling throne,  
As seraphs stood with half outstretched wing;  
And spirits, all benign, at his behest  
Would fly with speed to visit worlds below,  
With special gifts from his supernal love.  
Mean while, the sun the horizon declin'd,  
Till he be sunk the western main beneath,  
And twilight had brought on the dusky shades,  
Which quick was scatter'd by the moon, as shone  
On Eden's fruits, as glittering thro' the trees,  
Fit time as when the happy pair might take  
The pleasing and the solitary walk,  
In humble prostration to breathe out  
Their evening sacrifice, in songs of praise,

Till

Till weary, and kind nature call'd to rest,  
 Slept in the harbour, till bright Sol arose  
 The seventh day, tipt all with golden hue.  
 And now the end and author of all things  
 Had, quite unwearied, rested from his work,  
 And hallow'd it; yet not in silence, but  
 Was in devotion, love, and worship kept;  
 For still the angelic choir employed was  
 In shouting forth Creation's noble song,  
 Unto Jehovah, who is and was possess'd  
 Of wisdom infinite, in measure deep,  
 Vast and profoundly so, beyond the reach  
 Of all their thoughts, tho' of superior  
 Faculties possess'd; far more intelligent]  
 Than other creatures of inferior race;  
 Yet their ideas largest were quite lost

When



When in such wond'rous contemplations they  
 His great Almighty pow'r attempt to reach.  
 Tho' the apostate spirits oft have strove  
 Omnipotence in vain to reach, or to  
 Confute his works, by stratagem or strength,  
 When fully fraught with rage, yet then confess'd  
 Their weapons were but feeble, when compar'd  
 To his great powerful arm, which had them crush'd,  
 When from Heaven's battlements he headlong cast  
 Them down into the regions of despair,  
 Millions and countless leagues beneath his throne.  
 Tho' with infatuation once was drawn  
 Of spirits that were happy, the third part  
 In envious tempers shared, and the loss  
 Is irretrievable, as they ne'er will  
 Of happiness again be e'er possess'd,

Intelligent

Intelligent remains ; nor is their pow'r  
 Abated, but it's chained and controul'd,  
 Else numbers of thy worshippers wou'd draw,  
 Resolv'd they were thy empire to diminish,  
 And populate their own. Impious the thought !  
 From such designs his purposes can serve,  
 As witness those inhabitants so near  
 The imperial throne, whose worlds are founded on  
 Æther's blue pillars, richly deck'd with stars,  
 Almost immense, are in their magnitudes ;  
 And so, perhaps, each planet is a world  
 Of inhabitants ; if so, their constitutions are  
 Suited unto their clime ; but still thou hast  
 Made an inferior globe, a garden of  
 Delights, fit dwelling place ; for sons of men

Highly

Highly are favour'd, and as high advanced  
Above their fellow brutes; erect they stood  
Cloath'd in his image, and might persever  
In their primeval state, and multiply  
A future race of perfect worshippers.  
Thus sung the hierarchies, as made  
Their hallelujahs echo all around  
The imperial arches, so they Sabbath kept.

